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Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city. The Mayor presided, and when coffee was being served, the Mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain saying, "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A Ride in an Airship

Mary Landers sat on the sofa with her history in front of her, but with a dreamy stare her eyes were looking above the book into space. Every once in awhile a sigh escaped from her lips for she hated history. She had been promised that as soon as she finished High School, she could journey around the world with her father, who was a sea-captain.

"Oh, dear," Mary thought, "if only I could get that trip without so much work."

Here her soliloquy was brought to a close by the sudden entrance of her friend, Helen Jackson.

"Mary! Mary! what do you think! Oh, it will be just grand! Fred promised us two—oh

"What under the sun are you talking about? asked Mary, throwing down her book. "What has happened?"

"Fred came to-day with his new aeroplane, and he has promised that you and I may take a spin with him tomorrow."

"To-morrow! oh joy, just what I've been dying for."

The next day the two excited young girls with Fred went to the ready aeroplane.

"Jump in, girls, but be careful not to step on the brakes near the seat," was the invitation they received. Without ceremony Mary and Helen scrambled in together, but as soon as they were inside they stumbled on a brake and started up the machine.

Screams and shouts came from below to them, but before they could compose themselves to listen they were out of earshot. All they could do for some time was to shut their eyes and hold to the back of the seat, they thought they would be dashed to pieces any second. After some time when they saw they were not killed, they began to look about them and to wonder what to do. Neither knew anything about running the engine or guiding the gears.

At last Mary ventured to look over the edge in spite of Helen's admonition that it might tip them over. "Oh Helen look!" was all she could say, for right below them was the ocean.

Helen shuddered for she realized that anytime the fuel in the engine might give way, and down they would go. Sure enough soon the puffing became slower, and before they knew it, down they were going.

Helen rose to the occasion and tried to manipulate some of the wheels and brakes. Her heroic efforts would have been in vain had not Mary at that moment discovered a book which contained instructions for the management of the machine. It was growing dark, but by the light of the fire in the engine, they read how to guide the machine and keep it going. They took turns watching and steering the rest of the night.

The next day their fear had completely left them, and in spite of their situation they began to enjoy themselves thoroughly. But what were they to do in regard to food? Out over the ocean and nothing to eat but a few chocolates would starve anyone. Towards afternoon they neared land and decided to alight and obtain some food, and if possible find friends and return home.

While they were alighting they could not see their destination, and imagine their surprise to be surrounded by a mob of howling, weeping, black savages. They looked more like demons than anything else with their painted faces, their gaudy ornaments hanging about their necks, and dangling from their noses.

They were as frightened as the girls and for a moment all noise was hushed. The rude spears and javelins proved that they were warriors and the horrible idol near by showed that they were praying for victory.

Immediately at the sign of the leader all bowed to the earth and prayed to the new gods who had so suddenly appeared among them. Then they presented to the girls the food and treasures the idol had been offered. Helen saw the chance, took part of the offering—the coconuts, fruit and other food, but motioned for them to keep the jewels. She handed some to Mary, and hunger overcoming everything else,

they at [REDACTED] vessel
before [REDACTED] himself
never seen before, and [REDACTED] by his
given the best of the land. The natives again
began to pray to them, so Helen started the
machine. The last the girls saw of those friendly
savages was a number of brown objects on the
ground.

They steered toward the sea, to see if by
chance they could meet a vessel or come to an
island, from which they could go home. At
last they saw a large ocean liner in the distance
and steered toward that.

In the meantime Captain Landers while at
sea, had received word that his daughter Mary
and her friend were dead. Overcome with grief

wife. His sorrow at the thought that he would
never see Mary again almost made him faint.
Just then he heard a noise above him and after
a loud crash, the canvas above him broke and
something fell against him. He heard a
familiar scream and, turning around, saw Mary.
He knew he was crazy and looked upwards;
there right over his head was his neighbor's
daughter Helen, clinging to a wreck.

To see his dead daughter and her lifeless
friend in mid-ocean was too much for Captain
Landers who was carried off in a swoon.—Zella
Rine '2.



The Lost Key

In Charmian Grey's room all was excitement. She herself was flying about with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, while her patient maid was trying to help her get ready for the ball. Charmian should have been ready a quarter of an hour before, but she had not noticed how late it was. There was another reason for her excitement, though, for she was to wear the family jewels for the first time. They were kept in an old fashioned chest, the key of which always lay in a tiny, hidden drawer in Charmian's bureau. This she herself only knew how to open.

While the maid was out of the room a moment, Charmian opened the little drawer and put in her hand to get the key. Her fingers grasped space, and looking quickly into the drawer, she caught her breath sharply. The key was not there. Where could she have put it? Racking her brains, Charmian could not remember what she could have done with the key. The maid was summoned and the two of them searched all over the girl's room, but the key could not be found. So Charmian went to the ball without her jewels.

The next morning Charmian searched every possible nook and cranny in her room, but nowhere could she find the key. Then with the help of a couple of maids she searched the house, ascending even into the garret, but no key was there. So, deciding that the key was truly lost, the family and she decided to have another one made. The only thing that troubled them was that the key might be somewhere in the house and might be found by some dishonorable person, who would not scruple to use it.

Charmion however did not give up hope, and going back to her room, commenced searching in every place she could think of. The woodwork in her room was richly carved. She fixed her eyes on one small piece of it and thinking hard,

she stood gazing vacantly upon it wondering where the key could be.

She was turning her eyes away, when she noticed a slight difference in one of the leaves in the carving from the rest. It was almost imperceptible, but she felt an unaccountable desire to find out if the difference was unintentional.

She pressed and pulled and pushed it for a long time without succeeding in accomplishing anything, but finally upon pushing a little harder a part of the carving slid back and disclosed a tiny cabinet. In it lay a package yellow with age which Charmion reverently unwrapped. The ribbon that bound it broke in her hands, but a faint scent of lavender greeted her as she finished unwrapping the bundle. The face of a sweet old lady, whom she had never seen, smiled up at her and started her thoughts to wander. Beneath the painting lay a small box around which was wrapped a yellow paper with writing almost illegible upon it. By the strong light Charmian read, "To the girl who first finds this cabinet, from——." Opening the box, Charmian found a neckless of pearls. The picture proved to be of Charmion's great grandmother.

A few days later the girl heard her parrot saying something over to himself, as he hung by his feet from the bars of his cage. He seemed to be repeating a sentence which he punctured at intervals with deafening shrieks. By patient listening Charmian finally heard this, "Well, if there isn't that key of mine on the floor. I wonder how it ever got here."

That afternoon Charmian asked the servants if one of them had found the key. One of the maids said she had, but thought it was hers.

Needless to say, the key of the safe did not leave the secret drawer again without being put back.

—Louise Doran, '13



Unbeaten. A Ghost Story

True, or untrue, everyone who visited this house of Mr. Towns declared that it was haunted. It seemed a pity for it was a large spacious house beautifully situated among some handsome old oak trees. The once well kept lawns were now buried in leaves. The house itself was painted with gray flashings. Around one side was a large porch overlooking the little village of Logan.

The owner of this house, Edmond Towns, was rather a stout and healthy looking man with brown curly hair, which he always combed back from his ruddy face. His eyes that were once quite prominent had now sunk back into his head as though from great worry. He was always seen with a slouch hat on the back of his head and a brown corduroy coat with brown khaki trousers and high boots. It was in this guise that we see him sitting before a neighbor's cozy, open fireplace, telling how, before the death of his wife, he had heard a weird moaning in the garret, and had crept stealthily upstairs with a lamp in his hands to see whence this sound, accompanied with an awful odor like burning sulphur, was coming. He opened the door at the top of the stair case, and it seemed to him that he heard a rustle as though some one in a silk dress were moving past him. Just then something or somebody blew his lamp out with a "puff." The smell grew stronger and stronger and everytime he struck a match to light it, it was blown out again. In the meantime the odor was so stifling that he was forced to rush down stairs as best he could in the dark.

He tore into the room where he had left his wife. She was struggling and gasping as if for breath. Choking for air himself, he rushed to the window, tore up the sash and, gulping in the fresh air, he seized his wife and rushed out through the door. He was horrified to find that his efforts were powerless in rescuing her. Her life had gone with the last, choking gasp.

At this point the narrator paused as though he were deeply wrapped in thought. After a few minutes he proceeded. He proposed to the neighbors, to whom he was telling the story, that they should both go and make investigation at the house to find out the source of this mysterious and appalling occurrence.

After supper they both buckled on their swords and with whips in hand set out for the house. They arrived at the destination at eight o'clock. Entering the front door they walked cautiously

from room to room smelling continually, but without result. They made their way to the garret, where the door still remained opened as Mr. Towns had left it on the night of the appearance of the ghosts. There seemed to be no wiered sounds or unpleasantness in the air; in fact it seemed the same as it used to be save for the unusual amount of dirt and spider webbs which had accumulated while the house was forsaken.

Mr. Longstreet, Mr. Towns' neighbor, began to jeer at him and say that he must have been out of his head or else, he had taken more than his habit, for there was certainly no smell of ghosts here. At Mr. Longstreets suggestion, they built a fire in the parlor and, after wiping off a little of the dust, they drew a couple of sofas before the fire and settled down for the night.

All went well till mid-night when they heard a peculiar noise like someone sneezing, then crying, and screaming. which sounds were accompanied by a dreadful smell of sulphur or sulphurated hydrogen or boiling vinegar and flea powder. It caused them to cough so violently that they were awakened. To their horror they saw a large, livid mass, gleaming yellow and white and blood red out of which stared huge blue eyes. As they were gazing thus there seemed to come out of this livid mass men with long spindly spider legs and arms. The two men leaped from their beds at this sight and began beating madly at the ghastly figures with their long horse whips. Two more livid objects appeared, while they were still fighting. The two men fought desperately with these hideous monsters, first with whips then with swords. The sounds rang through the different rooms like the crackling of nut-shells or lashes. At first the odiferous monsters called for a stop to the fight.

"We can't be beat!" they cried. "You can whip us forever but you can't beat us," they all said at once. The two men started in amazement at this announcement. "Why?" they asked. "Because we are ghosts of hard boiled eggs and who ever heard of anyone beating a hard boiled egg!"

Here the men began to laugh violently. This was what the ghosts had been wanting all these years. The vibration caused by laughter dissolved or moved the spirit dust off the foul monsters, leaving only a liquid, which instantly fell to the floor and ran off or soaked in and the men knew the ghosts had disappeared forever.

—Majorie Kent '14.



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In this month we celebrate the lives of two of our greatest men, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. There is much to admire in the characters of these men and much to imitate. Their names have lived through history because their lives were "not only good, but good for something." They rendered a service to their country, and that country has not forgotten it to this day. Everyone of us, it is said, at least one talent holds. Let us find out what talent we hold and then bend every energy toward the development of that particular ability what ever it may be. In every trade and every profession there are literally swarms of people at the bottom of

the ladder, who are lazily contented with barely getting along, while there is an abundance of room at the top. "Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson. Be among the number who have become expert at that vocation which you have chosen. Remember Lincoln's words, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here."

The "they", you know, refers to men who gave without stint the most precious thing they had in the world, their own lives.

Not less remembered and loved than George Washington and Abraham Lincoln is the gentle St. Valentine, whose birth-day also comes this month. Who is there, who does not cherish a packet of valentines received during his grammar school days?

At last, after a prolonged discussion in regard to dates, it has been forever settled that the inter-class debates shall be held as follows:

Junior—Freshmen Debate February 9
 Senior—Sophomore Debate February 16

Since these dates are positively not subject to change, the debates will be held on these days. Therefore, every member of every class should get busy right away in looking up material for his representatives, for the classes have been given that privilege. Without a doubt everyone is interested in seeing his class win the cup and in order to bring about that result he should aid the debaters of his class in every way that he is able.

SCHOOL



NOTES

The matter of organizing a High School Orchestra was put to the school on January sixteenth. The subject was pretty thoroughly discussed from every standpoint. There were as usual some "doubting Thomases," but when it was put to a standing vote, it was carried almost unanimously. Plans are being laid to begin work as soon as possible. An instructor has not yet been secured, but there is hope of finding one soon.

The noted Donald Lowrie and Mr. Morrell, who are lecturing throughout the state on the subject of Prison Reform, talked to us for an hour on the afternoon of January, twelfth. Mr. Lowrie spoke of the plan which he has evolved concerning the management of prisoners and prisons. He contends that the general law-breaker should be given a second chance, and

after that, if he again becomes guilty of breaking the law, he should be sent to prison, not however, with a view for punishment or revenge, but with the idea of curing him, for he holds, such a law-breaker is morally ill. Therefore, his sentence should not be for one or two, or five, or fifty years, but until he is cured, or in other words, until he has acquired a proper respect for the laws of citizenship. Mr. Lowrie also outlined the treatment which should be accorded the prisoner, in order that more satisfactory results may be obtained. Instead of taking away all responsibility as is done at the present time, thus lowering man to a level with the brute, Mr. Lowrie would put upon every inmate certain obligations to fulfill. Mr. Morrell spoke of the cruelty which exists in the prison of to-day. He also told us several very interesting stories.





Miss Leona Wills '11 has gone back to U. C. She has been at home for sometime.

We are glad to hear that Fannie Phillips '10, has successfully passed the examinations of the Santa Rosa Normal and will soon be teaching at Stewards Point.

Miss Bertha Meyer has received a certificate for the grammar grades.

Clare Doran '10 is at the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco.

Will Wilson '07 is engaged in teaching.

Gladys Hall '09 came home from the city Friday evening to visit relatives and returned Sunday afternoon.

Miss Kathleen Swisher '10 spent a week in the city this month visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Engle, (nee Cora Craig, '07) and baby, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Craig on Brown street, has returned north to her home.



Poetry

I am obliged to write a poem
Of stanzas not less than three,
And how in the world to commence it.
For the life of me, I can't see.

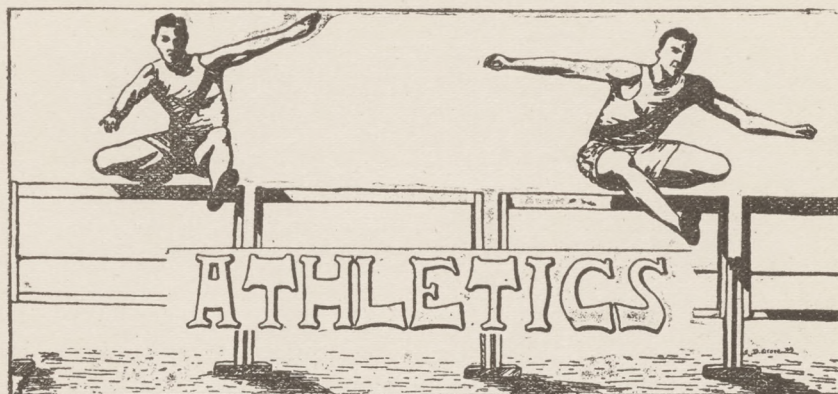
For although I am fond of poetry,
When as a bard I aspire to rank,
My poetic thoughts all leave me,
And my mind is a perfect blank.

And the more I study and ponder,
The harder it seems to be;
But at least I have written my English.
My stanzas, one, two, and three.—Charles
Frost. '14.

The Teacher's Reply

I read and I read them over
Your stanzas, one, two, and three
And the more I read them. I wondered
Why a poet you should not be.
Such a valient attempt at writing
The stanzas you mention here
Is deserving of much more credit
Than falls to most boys in a year.





Now that school has opened after a brief rest, the prospect of a fine track team is exceedingly bright. We are still without a coach, but heretofore we have not had one in any line of sports, therefore we must, for another year, do our very best to overcome this set-back.

Training has begun in earnest and there is a promising bunch of athletes who are coming out faithfully every night for practice. The veterans of last season are still with us and are showing a steady improvement. The under-classmen are showing up well and it is more than probable that we will have a well balanced team by the time of the first meet this Spring.

To enumerate the merits of the members of the team would be a difficult task and since only a small amount of space is allowed me, I will give only their most appreciative abilities.

Eldridge is showing marked improvement over any work he has done in previous years. The accident which handicapped last fall and held him out of the pole-vault has been overcome, and he will again engage in that work. He is also doing well in the broad and high jump.

Jones will be Eldridge's team mate in the broad jump, and has done splendid work in training.

Bagley is getting into shape and is expected to be among the foremost in the 880.

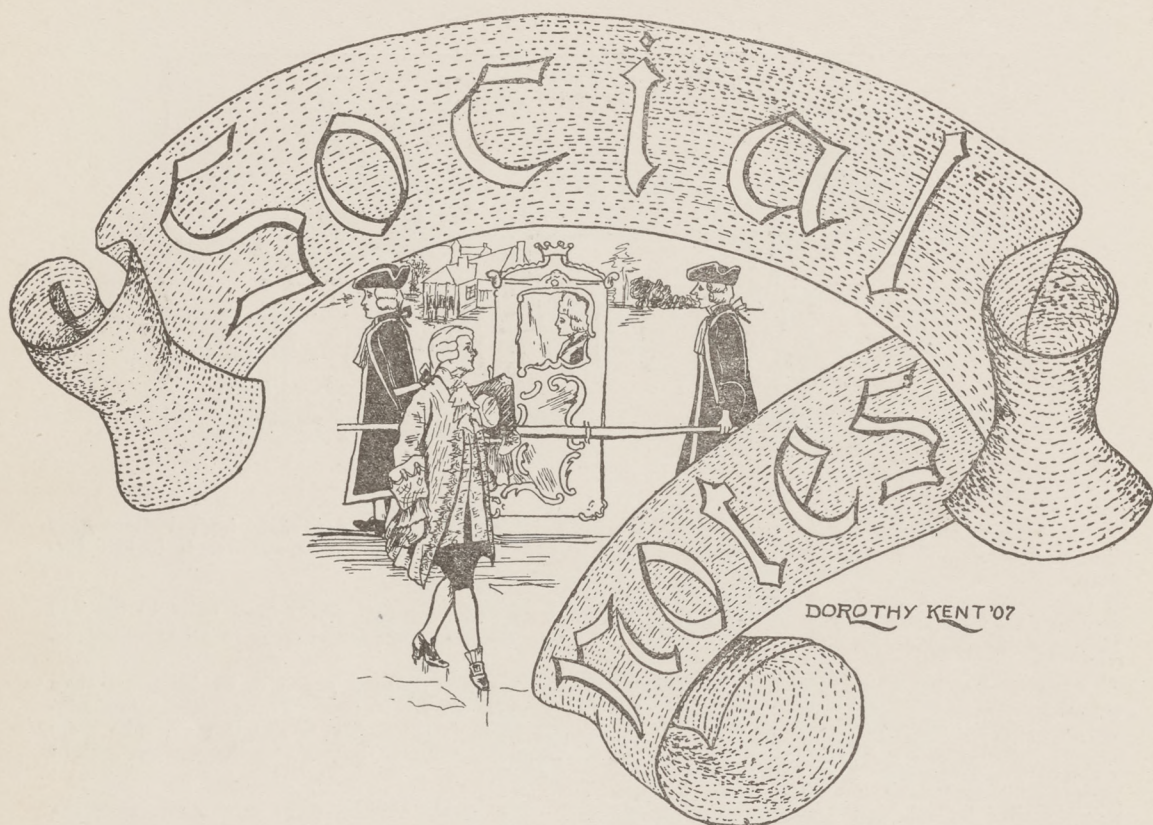
Briggs is showing a vast improvement over last year's season and a surprise is looked forward to.

McCutcheon and Jeffry will enter in the 220 hurdles, and we are living up to all expectations.

Our weight team seems to be far better than our last season's team. We have Byington, McCutchan, Phillips, Mayes and Bagley, who were all point winners last fall in the various weight events.

We would like to have the support of the whole student body in our different athletics activities this spring. Come out now and encourage the athletes! Your presence will cheer them on to victory in the next contest, for when they know that some one is interested, they will surely put forth every effort to win a victory for the H. H. S. Come out also to get acquainted with what the athletes are doing and then you will know what to expect when you sit in the bleachers at the meets. "Anticipation heightens the pleasures of realization, you know."

Two of our former graduates will be strong competitors for places on the American Team which goes to Stockholm next summer to compete in the Olympic Games. They are Eddie Beeson and Ralph Rose. We are proud of them and hope them success.



The fifth party of the school year came on the evening of January 12, 1912, and what a grand success! It was in the nature of a masquerade and many splendid costumes were displayed. Everyone was assembled about half past eight and the fun commenced. Dancing was in order for some time and then came the unmasking, which was followed by more dancing and games. Tiny programs were handed each one as they unmasked and with these soon filled out, the fun started in earnest.

As we all knew how to dance it was much in prominence during the evening but lest there were some who did not know or didn't care for it, some of the old time games were played. In

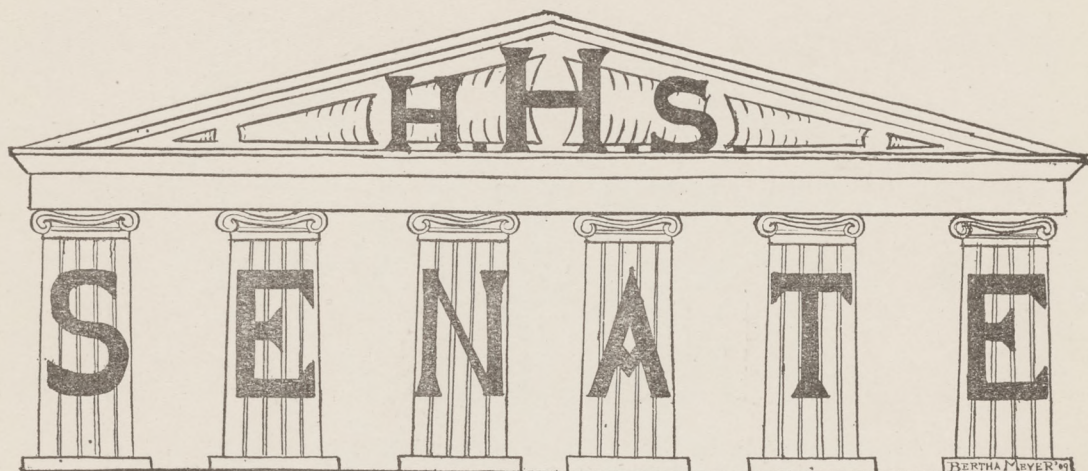
this way everyone had a chance to join in the fun, and no one was allowed to be a "wall-flower."

The supper dance was called about half past eleven and tempting refreshments were served from a prettily decorated booth.

After supper, dancing was again engaged in until about half past twelve when "good-nights" were said and all departed, declaiming they had had the time of their lives.

Besides most of our faculty, we had a great many of the parents and other people that have taken a great deal of interest in our school.

We hope that this will not be the last party, but that we shall hear from the "15's" soon.



The third meeting of the seventh congress of Healdsburg High School was called to order by President Floyd Darby January fifth, nineteen hundred twelve. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. A second reading of Bill No. II was heard and a debate followed.

The speakers were:

Affirmative: Louise Doran, California; John Bruce, Florida.

Negative: William Rowland, North Dakota; Floyd Darby, New York.

Bill No. 11 was read for the third time after which a standing vote was taken. The Bill was passed by a large majority.

The same series of debates which we carried on last year will be continued this year in the same manner as proposed. The delegates which

have been chosen for the semi finals are as follows:

Seniors—Helen Emmrich and Mary Levenskey. Juniors—Lewis Byington and Marshall Lewis. Sophomores—Luzerine Rine and Floyd Darby. Freshmen—William Dennis and Laura Destruel.

This debate will be held in the assembly hall in the early part of February.

The two winning classes will later prepare another debate which will take place in Truitt's Opera House. This will occur in the fore part of April. The class who is successful in the final debate will be presented with a silver cup, which will be engraved with the name of the winners and the class which they represent. The cup will go to the class, not to the individual. It will always remain in the Assembly Hall on the piano with the rest of the school trophies of honor.





EXCHANGE NOTES.



Olla Podrida, Berkeley, Cal.—Your December number is excellent throughout. Your joshes and your cartoons are especially worthy of remark.

Far Darter, St. Helena, Cal.—You are welcome to any joshes you may have taken from us as a Christmas gift. The scattered arrangement of your pictures looks bad.

The Clarion, Salem, Ore.—You are a new comer, but if all your issues are as good as those of December and January you are very welcome indeed.

High School Register, Omaha, Nebraska.—Your "Reveries from Il Penseraso" is very beautiful indeed. The writer certainly understood the spirit of the piece. "Echoes from the Past" is a very original and amusing idea.

Somerset Ideas, Somerset, Kentucky.—The pictures in your December number add a great deal to the attractiveness of your journal. Your departments might be worked up a trifle.

The Crook, Crookston, Minn.—Another new friend, to whom we extend a warm greeting. A few more cuts, similar to those you already have, would improve you to some extent.

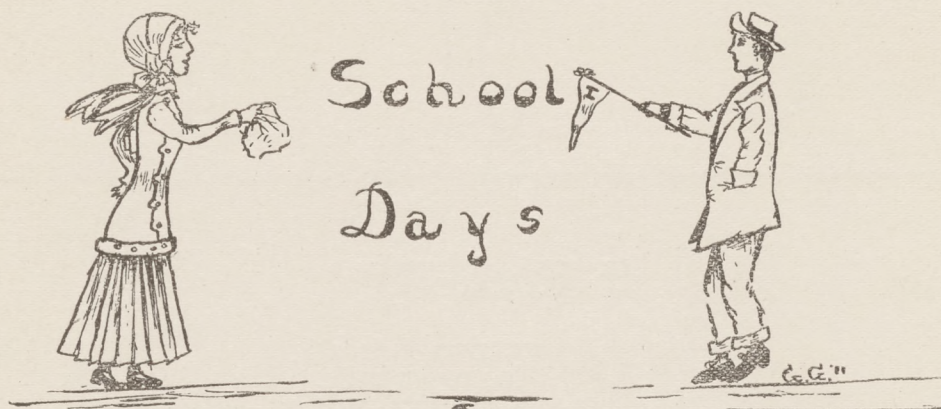
Oak, Visalia, Cal.—Your cuts are rather crude. They do not quite live up to the rest of your paper. Your literary department is good.

Searchlight, San Rafael, Cal.—We can always depend upon you to give us something extra good in the literary line. You are always one of our best exchanges.

The Argus, Tulare, Cal.—Your "big book" showed a weakness only in the literary department, otherwise you are excellent and we congratulate you on the success of your first annual!

The Comet, Austin, Texas.—We think if you should omit remarks made about you by other papers, you would have more room to criticise your exchanges. Also you could put reviews in the spaces occupied by joshes from exchanges, putting the joshes in the column where they properly belong. You would not need if this were done, to name the papers which visit you, without giving your opinions as to their merit.

Wallace World, Nashville, Tenn.—"The Seven Labors of Hercules" is rather a clever little sketch. We realize the improvement which better paper would bring about and we do not neglect to make the change because we won't but because we can't.



We had with us one afternoon a friend of Miss Larson's, Miss Olive Grubb. Miss Grubb is a teacher in San Andreas High School.

Herma Mothorn, with her parents, spent a week of her vacation in Los Angeles.

Elsie Parrot has lately returned from a trip to Oregon with her father. She enjoyed the "journey" immensely.

The Freshmen have one more member added to their class in the person of Steward Reynolds.

Harold Madiera spent the afternoon of January third in visiting H. H. S.

Marshall Lewis is back at school again.

Emily Mothorn visited school one day in the first part of January. She expects to go immediately to Chico to attend the Normal School.

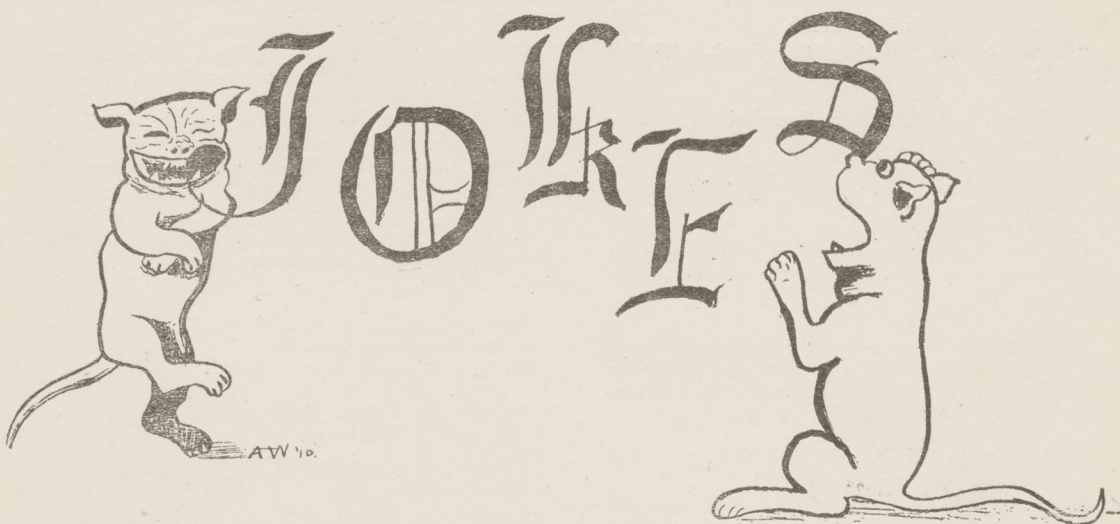


A Dark Day

The cold dark day was ushered in by mist,
The dawn's faint light was ominously gray—
A wailing breeze stole off across the sea,
Which, dark and sullen in the ashen light,
With muffled tread advanced along the shore;
Retreated and then hastened back again.
The very heavens wept for sympathy,
The tree-tops bent their heads, and, moaning loud,
Mingled their sobs with those of wailing winds.
Thus moaned the elements in sad adieu
To her whom they loved best: to Summer fair.

Lolita Flewelling, '13.





Her Own Idea

"Did you mail my letter, Mary?" asked her mistress. "It was an important one you know. But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you for the stamps?"

"Sure, I didn't have to use it mum," replied Mary, "I slipped th' letter into th' box whin nobody was lukin'."

A short sighted chap from Bangor,
Changed the mark from two dollars to four

On a gift that he sent
To a little Miss Kent,—
But she priced the same thing at a store.

Freshman (to one of the girls having her picture taken in the basket ball team.) "Get that pose on your face."

There was a young maid of Le Clear who had
tooth prints upon her pink ear, and when friends
wanted to know who had bitten her so, said "I
bit it myself to be queer."

Clerk: (to German who was looking for his wife. "Are you looking for something in mens clothing?")

German: "No, vimmen's."

"What was the awful accident in U. S. History class?"

"Mr. H. asked a question and the first person he called on 'missed it?'"

"No, answered it."

Heard In Hist. II

Miss J. "What should be the class distinction today."

C. P. '14. "Virture and good looks."

R. B. '14 to T. R. '14. "Where do we get off?"

T. R. "At Windsor."

Miss L. Eng. 111. "In that line we hear the moaning of the dead."

E. H. '13. (to Roy Higgins while taking an electric shock) "Oh, stop, stop, don't hold my hand so tight."

Miss L. Eng. II. "What do we consider funny things?"

F. D. '14. "Funny things."

J. B. "I have here an exceedingly dull pencil and I am bringing it to school to be educated."

He was a studious youth. Till long after midnight he would stretch himself over his books. In this way he spent most of his time. It was his greatest bliss. For hours he remained in the same position, scarcely moving save when a difficult problem crossed his mind, then 'twas only a twitch of his face sometimes accompanied by a low buzzing sound of satisfaction. Yes—he spent much time over his studies for he threw his books under the bed early in the evening, and then dreamed sweetly above them all through the night.

In The Neck

"Have you read Borus' latest book, 'Boiled Brains'?"

"Yes."

"I thought you didn't like Borus' style."

"I don't."

"What did you read his book for?"

"Because I knew some one would be sure to ask me if I had read it."

One dark, dull, rainy day just before roll-call we saw Amerigo 'round by the corner of the book case.

S. Ellledge is going to have his shoes tuned. He found while walking across the assembly floor that the sounds do not harmonize. Otherwise they are very musical.

Sophomore to E. B. '15. "I hate to have Thanksgiving come on Thursday."

E. B. "Why?"

Soph. "Oh, well, it will come on Friday next year."

Kentuckian.—He called me a liar, sir.

New Yorker.—And what did you do?

Kentuckian.—I went to the funeral, sir.

Mr. Bull (Physics IV) I am afraid you people haven't given me much time on this.

W. B. '12. If you add it all together it would make lots of time.

Current Happenings

John Bruce '12 visited the High School one or two days, during the first two weeks in January.

Wayland threw his head out of the window. It struck the ground with such force it jarred the building causing the bell to ring two seconds too early, which resulted in many being tardy.

D. J. '12 has learned to make graceful exits through the window, whenever distasteful advice is given.

Miss H. (to G. S. '15 in Latin I, after having sent one person up stairs.) "You go to Guido."

G. S. "Go where?"

Found—By Father Time an extra day. Left it on the end of February.

Found—By Raymond B. '14, a nice little girl in the Freshman class.

Found—By W. B. '12 one half dozen kid-curlers. Owner please call at once as they are of no use to present holder.

Found—By Demetrio while wandering peacefully about the Study Hall, a bright idea. Since these are exceedingly rare, this one is held for high ransom.

Found—A book, "All the Latest Paris Fashions in Hair Dressing." No reward will be demanded by finder as article has been put to good use.

Elsie Parrot '13.

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Found—A purse containing one new penny, and one new set of false-teeth. If owner does not call within three days articles will be considered property of present holder, and, accordingly, will be set aside for future use. Ora Mayes '13.

Lost—Several hairs from the back of my head in the barber shop somewhere. Finder may keep one as reward. L. M. '15

Lost—A large volume of "Leap Year Guide to Girls. How to Win Hearts and Propose Successfully." Finder please return to Eva Hendricks '13.

If there is snow on the moor is there snow on the Kahman (common.)

Lost—By Teo, some chewing gum, somewhere about the school. Finder may chew it for five minutes as reward.

Lost—By Marshall L. a safety razor. Has not been able to shave for a fortnight as result. For reward finder may use once for garden rake, but care should be taken that no stones over sixteen inches in diameter be allowed to pass through its teeth, for such are liable to dull the edge.

Lost—One bottle of Dr. Hairmuserectus' pompadour paste. Contents partly gone. Owner in great need of lost article. Please return to Ben Warren '15.

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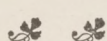
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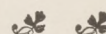
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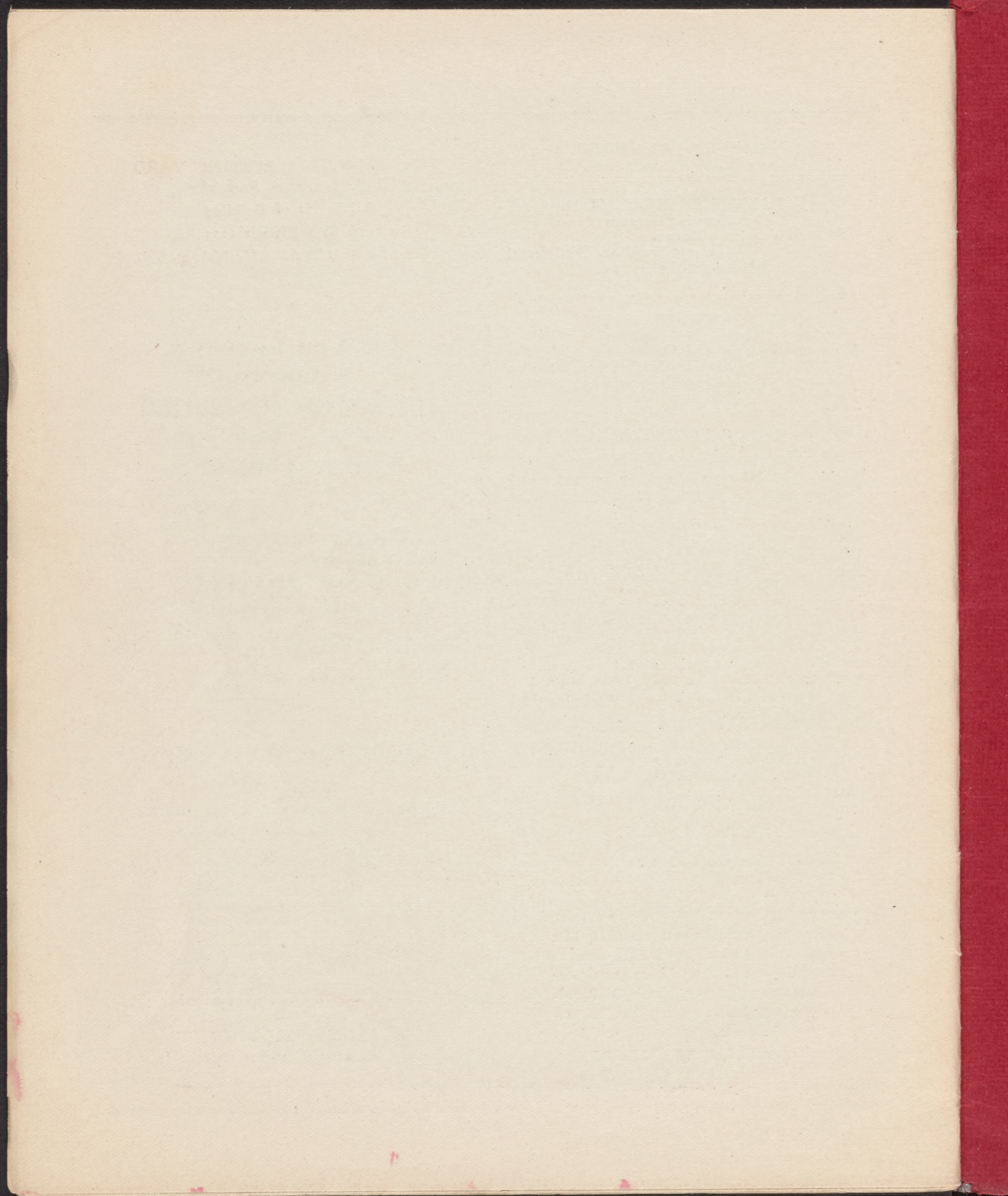
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